The Letters

Yann Tiersen

With quill and silver knife
She carved the poison pen
Wrote to her lover's wife
"Your husband's seed has fed my flesh"As if a leper's face
That tainted letter graced
The wife with choke-stone throat
Ran to the day with tear-blind eyesImpaled on nails of ice
And raked for emerald fire
The wife with soul of snow
With steady hand begins to write"I'm still, I need no life
To serve on boys and men
What's mine was yours is dead
I take my leave of mortal flesh"

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